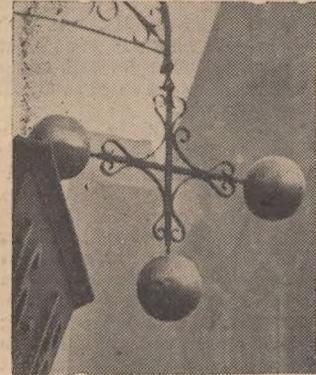


# Good Morning 599

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Uncle talks to Gordon Rich



'em all over again on Friday," filling of paste. I've seen pawn from anybody who is the old dears say when they "sandwiches" so carefully intoxicated. So if the pawn-trot in with their bundles of made that you can't find the police joins. But pop them in an there may be trouble all round.

But upstairs is more human, iodine solution, and you'll see "uncle" means to thousands of people. In our strong-room bubbles popping out of the cracks!

A favourite of the dodgers is to keep coming in with the same article for pawn week after week. Then one day the assistant may be busy and will forget to examine the bundle. When at length he does, he finds he's been "had."

Never buy a pawn-ticket from a stranger. A favourite trick in dockside areas is for "sailors" to hawk pawn-tickets on the excuse that "they've got to rush to catch their ship, and they'd sooner lose a few bob than miss their job."

Just behind the counter you will see a small flat square of Wedgwood, with two tiny bottles. If you hand me a ring its value. When you go to redeem your "bargain" you find that the "sailor" has fooled the pawnbroker, and you, too, with some faked jewellery.

If it is genuine 18-carat gold it remains unaffected by the acid. If it is 9-carat gold it dull weather, when it is harder goes reddish colour, while if it is dross it is corroded at once and vanishes!

Precious stones are often hard to judge, and there are fakers to act drunk if the plenty of crooks who make a pawnbroker gets suspicious. If living defrauding pawnbrokers they've tried to "plant" some and jewellers with sham goods. dud jewellery and failed, they

Cleverest fake of all are break into their drunk act at "sandwich stones." These consist of a "slice" of real dia-

Pawnbrokers Act of 1872 it is

up, lovie. I don't want to iron mond top and bottom, with a an offence to take an article in

THERE is often sheer tragedy in the bundle of bedclothes "put in" for a few shillings to keep the wolf from the door. And the next client is a cheery young fellow who wants a pound or two on a gold watch— to put on a "dead cert in the 2.30." We do see life, you can take it from me!

There's a notice on our counters which reads: "You can have your parcels put in brown paper and string on payment of twopence." That's done because people don't like to have their pawned goods soiled.

Most folk come in on Mondays to get a few shillings to last the week, and then they pay it back on Friday when they get their wages.

"Look out how you do 'em up, lovie. I don't want to iron mond top and bottom, with a an offence to take an article in

## THIS POSE IS FOR A PIN-UP, A.B. HARRY HARDING



WE were so sorry we weren't able to include your wife in the photograph along with your mother and brother in a recent issue of "Good Morning," A.B. Harry Harding, that we got her to come along to the office in her lunch-hour to pose for this picture for you.

She came in for a lot of leg-pulling from her boss, who wanted to know whether she was going to be a pin-up. Until then, Harry, your wife is thinking of you, and sends you all her love.

## Calling Ldg. Sto. Arthur Baldwin



YOUR mother was still admiring the present which you, Harold and Hilda had given her and your father on their silver wedding anniversary, when we called at 2 Emerson Street, Cheadle, Manchester, Leading Stoker Arthur Baldwin.

Plenty of presents arrived at No. 2 on the great day, and if you look closely you will probably see some of them in the photograph. Since you were last home, your favourite cat, Beauty, has had a litter of kittens, though by this time Monty, your Mother's favourite, is now nearly as big as his mother.

With a long holiday from school, your brother Harold was getting up to all the tricks you used to play when you were his age, and worrying

## ALEX CRACK

A Scotsman filled his pipe and asked his fellow passenger for a match. The man replied that he hadn't got one. After having asked each one in the carriage for a match, without success, he grumbled, "Well, I suppose I'll have to use my own."

\* \* \*

Friend: "Can your wife manage on your small salary?" Husband: "Oh, yes. But the children and I have to borrow from her when we want any money."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

T. S. Douglas

## JERSEY, SIR? IT'S NUTS TO YOU

AFTER the war you may wear a brightly coloured pullover made from monkey-nuts. The transformation probably sounds fantastic, but it has already been accomplished, and only the need for concentration on war production prevents this new wool-like synthetic fibre coming on the market.

Actually, the change from monkey-nuts to wool is not so strange when you consider that it is occurring every day—in the bodies of wool-bearing animals. They change the vegetable proteins in their food into fibres. The chemist does the same thing quicker and more cheaply.

The principle of the process is treating the protein from monkey-nuts with alkali, and then making a spinning solution, similar to that from which artificial silk is prepared.

The resulting thread can be dyed, and the part of the monkey-nut not used gives oils for margarine and cattle-feed. This synthetic wool has the enormous advantage of being moth-proof.

In practice, this new fibre will probably be used for clothing mixed with ordinary wool. The result will be a fabric

cheaper and lighter than natural wool. Many plastic textiles are appearing, some of them with the great advantage of being waterproof, dustproof and stainproof, so that, for instance, curtains have only to be wiped with a damp cloth to be "washed." They will be used for the upholstery of train, theatre and cinema seats, and possibly in the home.

Glass is being successfully woven into fabrics. It sounds chilly, but, in fact, the great advantage of glass fabric, apart from ease of washing, is that it is warm.

The glass is highly insulating. The fabric is as soft as natural fibres.

It would be wrong to think these new materials will drive out cotton, wool, flax, and the others to which we have become accustomed. In a great many cases the synthetic fibres are only at their best when mixed with natural ones.

Immense strides are being made in the treatment of natural fibres. Wool can now be treated so that it will not shrink, will not be attacked by moths, will not "shine" with wear, and will hold a crease permanently.

Other important treatments provide a thread that will not "slip." This means no more seams pulling out or stockings running.

Yet another process takes the "tickle" out of wool.

Cotton can be treated so that its wearing quality is doubled and so that it is water-repellent.

Naturally, coloured cottons are being grown in Russia. Natural colours of brown, pink and lemon are unfadeable.

Altogether, it looks as if our clothes are going to be remarkably interesting in the next ten years.

The new materials have been successfully dyed in over fifty colours.

These are only two examples of the many new textiles being produced. Many experiments have been carried out with preparing fibres from proteins, and the Germans even made yarn from fish-waste protein!

He went away happy to take a temporary loan of 35s. on this gadget, which probably cost several hundreds of pounds to build.

Golf clubs, stethoscopes,

stone garden ornaments,

false teeth, family heirlooms,

old shirts—there's practically no limit to what we're asked to accept.

But, apart from pants, shirts, and lace curtains, our biggest trade is done with wedding rings. Many poor people, especially costers, put all their savings in a gold wedding ring.

I get several huge rings worth over £20. That means the life-savings of some unlucky family.

Even now, after all my experience, there is still a moment of tragedy to me when, in the privacy and shadows of my cubicles, a woman drags the ring off her finger and tosses it on the counter with a hopeless gesture.

"How much on that, guv-

nor?" she asks, with a bitter anxiousness in her voice. Will I give her enough to last out the week?

A friend of mine used to put in his window, under the three brass balls sign, a notice which read: "Come and see me at your earliest inconvenience!"

And that really sums up the whole purpose of "uncle's" job. There are no fortunes to be made in my work.

# The Theory and the Hound

**"Every dog-lover is a wife-beater" expounds O. HENRY in this provocative TWO DAY yarn**

YOU must know that Ratona is an island twenty miles off the south of a South American republic. It is a port of that republic; and it sleeps sweetly in a smiling sea, toiling not nor spinning; fed by the abundant tropics where all things "ripen, cease and fall towards the grave."

Eight hundred people dream life away in a green-embowered village that follows the horseshoe curve of its bijou harbour. They are mostly Spanish and Indian mestizos, with a shading of San Domingo Negroes, a lightening of pure-blood Spanish officials and a slight leavening of the froth of three or four pioneering white races.

**No steamers touch at Ratona**  
save the fruit steamers which take on their banana inspectors there on their way to the coast. They leave Sunday newspapers, ice, quinine, bacon, watermelons and vaccine matter at the island, and that is about all the touch Ratona gets with the world.

The "Pajaro" paused at the mouth of the harbour, rolling heavily in the swell that sent the whitecaps racing beyond the smooth water inside. Already two dories from the village—one conveying fruit inspectors, the other going for what it could get—were half-way out to the steamer.

The inspectors' dory was taken on board with them, and the "Pajaro" steamed away for the mainland for its load of fruit.

**The other boat returned to Ratona bearing a contribution from the "Pajaro's" store of ice,**

the usual roll of newspapers and one passenger—Taylor Plunkett, Sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky.

Bridger, the United States consul at Ratona, was cleaning his rifle in the official shanty under a bread-fruit tree twenty yards from the water of the harbour. The consul occupied a place somewhat near the tail of his political party's procession. The music of the band wagon sounded very faintly to him in the distance. The plums of office went to others.

Bridger's share of the spoils—the consulship at Ratona—was little more than a prune—a dried prune from the boarding-house department of the public crib. But 900 dollars yearly was opulence in Ratona. Besides, Bridger had contracted a passion for shooting alligators in the lagoons near his consulate, and he was not unhappy.

He looked up from a careful inspection of his rifle lock and saw a broad man filling his doorway. A broad, noiseless, slow-moving man, sunburned almost to the brown of Vandyke. A man of forty-five, neatly clothed in homespun, with scanty light hair, a close-clipped brown-and-grey beard and pale-blue eyes expressing mildness and simplicity.

"You are Mr. Bridger, the consul," said the broad man. "They directed me here. Can you

tell me what those big bunches of things like gourds are in those trees that look like feather dusters along the edge of the water?"

"Take that chair," said the consul, re-oiling his cleaning rag "No, the other one—that bamboo thing won't hold you. Why, they're coconuts—green coconuts. The shell of 'em is always a light green before they're ripe."

"Much obliged," said the other man, sitting down carefully. "I Morgan."

"Besides myself," said Bridger, "there are only two Americans on Ratona—Bob Reeves and Henry

home they were olives unless I was nuts," suggested Plunkett.

sure about it. My name is Plunkett. "You see that cocoanut walk I'm sheriff of Chatham County, extending up to the point?" said Kentucky. "I've got extradition the consul, waving his hand to papers in my pocket authorising wards the open door. "That be the arrest of a man on this island, longs to Bob Reeves. Henry

"They've been signed by the President of this country, and they're in correct shape. The man's name is Wade Williams. He's in the cocoanut raising business.

What he's wanted for is the murder of his wife two years ago. Where he was and how he was getting along. The letter was lost; and the person that found it gave it away. They sent me after him, and I've got the papers. I reckon he's one of your cocoanut men for certain."

"You've got his picture, of course," said Bridger. "It might be Reeves or Morgan, but I'd hate to think it. They're both as fine fellows as you'd meet in an all-day auto ride."

"No," doubtfully answered Plunkett; "there wasn't any picture of Williams to be had. And I never saw him myself. I've been sheriff only a year. But I've got a pretty accurate description of him. About 5 feet 11; dark hair and eyes; nose inclined to be Roman; heavy about the shoulders; strong, white teeth, with none missing; laughs a good deal, talkative; drinks considerably but never to intoxication; looks you square in the eye when talking; age thirty-five. Which one of your men does that description fit?"

The consul grinned broadly. "I'll tell you what you do," he said, laying down his rifle and slipping on his dingy black alpaca coat. "You come along, Mr. Plunkett, and I'll take you up to see the boys. If you can tell which one of 'em your description fits better than it does the other you have the advantage of me."

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today



1. Thulium is a state of happiness, dangerous drug, last word upon a subject, rare metal?

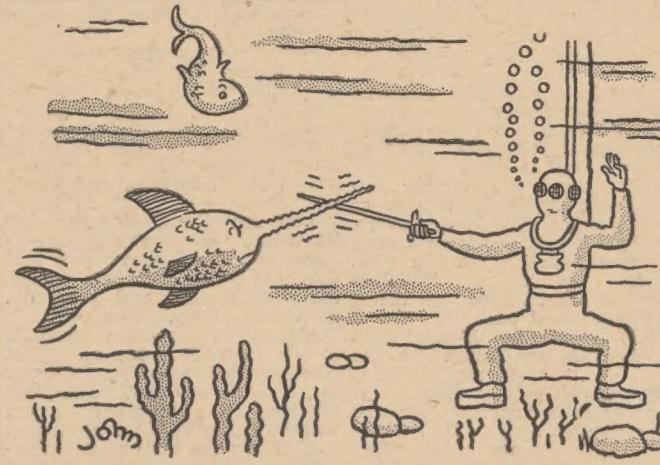
2. What is the difference between a thickback and a thick-knee?

3. Whose beard was singed by Drake?

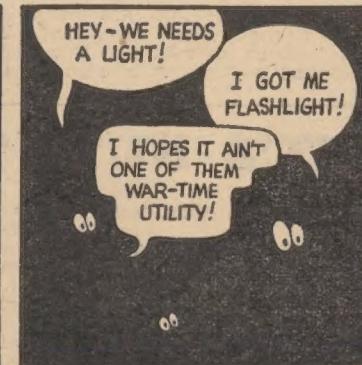
4. What are the traditional names of the penitent and impudent thieves who were crucified with Christ?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 598

- Stick for stirring porridge.
- Leap of leopards.
- Frank Buckland.
- Sydenham.
- Pride, covetousness, lust, envy, sloth, gluttony, anger.
- P. G. Wodehouse is a humorist; others are not.



### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



"MADE in Wales" will soon subdivide the inscription on clocks and watches, following a big estate deal. The Ynyscedwyn Estate in the Swansea Valley has been bought by a new firm called Anglo-Celtic Watch Company Ltd., formed by Smiths English Clocks Ltd. and the Ingersoll Company. On this estate the Government is running up the fifth of its Standard factories for South Wales.

There are 85 acres on the Estate, and, provided the first factory proves a success, which no one doubts, other factories for the manufacture of high-grade watches and clocks will be built. There will be jobs for many hundreds after the war, and as other factories go up in this Little Switzerland, thousands of workpeople will find light employment. Sixty per cent. of the workers will be men and boys.

THE historic Liberal Party, once thought by its opponents and competitors to be practically extinct, is about to demonstrate that it is alive and kicking. A fighting fund is to be raised, and many constituencies are to be fought at the next General Election.



# Good Morning



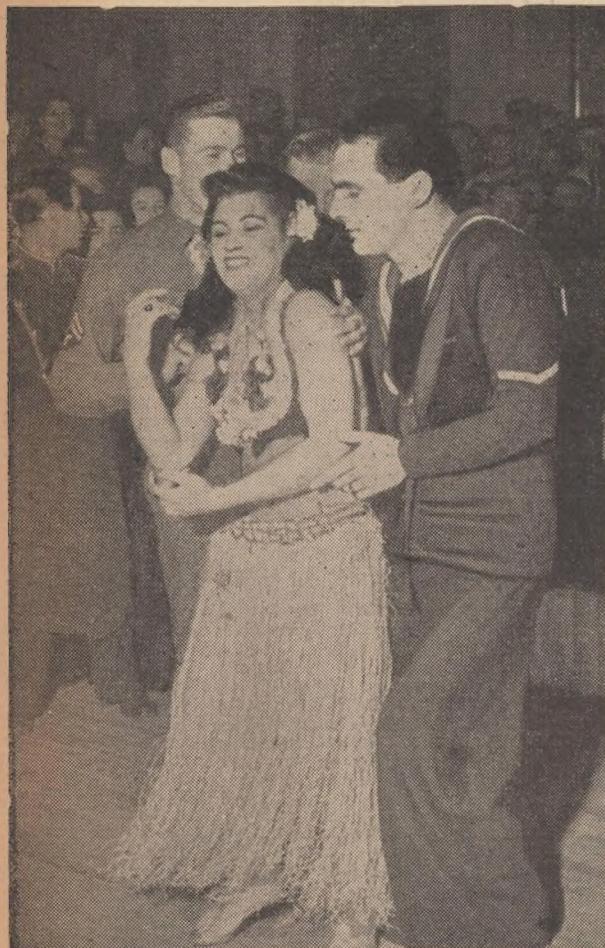
THIS ENGLAND. "There's a wind on the heath, brother," and to-day it's blowing strong and clean along the Buckinghamshire downs from Eddlesburgh to Ivinghoe.



Petty Officer S. V. Wragg, of H.M. Submarine "Satyr," was recently decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the D.S.M. Young Margaret may not have understood very much about the ceremony, but she certainly thinks her daddy's medal is a mighty pretty plaything.



Columbia's Ann Miller, as far as we know, never beats time for the band. Oh, no, she just beats the band!



Esme Lee, the Hula Hula dancer with Felix Mendelsohn's band at the Hammersmith Palais, invites the boys to step up and shaka da hip with her on the dance floor. Believe you us, they don't need asking twice!



"She's the leader of the band," and when she beats time, the boys find no difficulty in keeping their eyes glued to the music — we would hazard a guess.

